Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calue-skins too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I will speake to this fellow. Whose graue's this sirra?

Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it thine indeed for thou lyest in't.

Clow. You lye out on't sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I do not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't to be in't and say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou lyest.

Clow. Tis a quick lye sir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ha. VVhat man dost thou dig it for?

Clow. For no man sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speak by the card, or equiuocatió wil vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeres I haue took note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the pesant comes so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the daies i'th yeere I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: he that is mad and sent into *England*.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Clow. Why because a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doe not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why? (as he.

Clow. Twill not bee seene in him there, there are men as mad

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith een with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why here in *Denmark*: I haue bin Sexton here man and boy thirty yeares.

Ham.

6 it be thine 22 been grave maker 23 yere
33, there the men are as

Ham. How long will a man lye i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before a dye, as we haue ma pocky corses, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last y some eight yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will last you nine yea

Ham. VVhy he more then another?

Clow. Why sir, his hide is so tand with his trade, that a will ke out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of yo whorson dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th ea

Ham. VVhose was it? (twenty three year

Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think

Ham. Nay I know not. (was

Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, a pourd a flagon Renish on my head once; this same skull sir, was sir *Toricks* skul the Kings Iester.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ha. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infini iest, of most excellent fancy, he hath bore me on his back a thou sand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: m gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I haue kist I know no how oft: where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on roare, not one now to mock your own grinning, quite chopfalne Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint a inch thick, to this fauour she must come, make her laught at that Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. VVhat's that my Lord?

Ha. Dost thou think *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth

Hora Een so.

Ham. And smelt so: pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses we may returne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping a bunghole?

Hora. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ha. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make lome, & why of that lome whereto he was conuerted, might

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